

The Daily Nebraskan

UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

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For the last two years subscription dances have been the popular form of dancing among University students. During the period of war, when many men were gone, and when the few men in school could not take the responsibility with the attendant financial strain, of giving the parties independently, the subscription dances were logical and in demand.

Now, however, with the school back on a pre-war basis the old customs and social affairs are ready to play their part. Class hops, proms, and formal and informal fraternity and organization and All-University parties are scheduled. They are the legitimate dances for students. They are given by the students, under the supervision of the Faculty, and chaperoned by the Faculty. They are essentially for the enjoyment of men and women who attend the University. They are democratic, and sustain our "University society."

Subscription dances lack even the simple formalities of a college party, and give a less favorable impression to outsiders of our forms of student entertainment. They do not represent student endeavor. They are undemocratic, in that they are given by individuals as such, and are in no way connected with the University.

There is one characteristic of the subscription dance which, alone, should afford it the campus disapproval. That is that subscription dances take enthusiasm, persons, and funds from parties that are in a true sense school affairs. They are a financial drain on the pockets of men in school. We cannot expect to have hops or any other kind of parties for the students successful, so long as the subscription dances are allowed to continue. There is only one way of discontinuing them. That is by refusing to patronize them. If men would refuse to attend these dances, and refuse to sell tickets or in any such way encourage or abet them, they would of necessity die. Formerly when this same question arose the Fraternity men settled the difficulty through the act of the Inter-Fraternity Council by just such an agreement.

The emergency is greater than it has ever been. It is for the students to decide which form of entertainment they want.

THE GREAT BUTTON SCANDAL

There are many points in our conduct of the war on which we may congratulate ourselves. These are being uncovered with loud cries daily. But there is one page on which every American with a sense of artistic honor must look with an audible shudder. It is the page on which is recorded the Great Button Scandal.

As badges of honor for subscriptions to the national loans and charitable campaigns, the officials distributed certain celluloid disks with symbolic markings. In general effect they were akin to those buttons of our inexpensive youth which came concealed in popcorn packages, bearing such noble and provocative slogans as "Kiss Me Quick," "Twenty-three, Skiddoo," or "Rubberneck." Those with a higher intellectual appeal were stamped with colored representations of the flags of all nations, and were worn in a row down the length of the lapel or around the rim of the visor to one's cap. They were fashioned by the same workers in celluloid who have of late been so busy giving tangible form to America's civilian honor roll. True, the designs have been somewhat altered, but with slight improvement in artistic standards. They have the same old grammar-school taste if rolled on the tongue.

It is needless to say that in France such things were better ordered. Artists, not treasury officials, designed the miniature medals, which were given form with an appreciation for beauty as well as for economy. Even a bit of ribbon in the buttonhole would have a dignity which is entirely lacking in our prize-package buttons. They represent an inspiring series of devotional sacrifices on the part of the American people, but who will want to preserve them? And those few which do survive subsequent house cleanings, what will they be worth, except as curiosities, in the collection of 1975? There is to be one more Liberty Loan. Is it too much to hope that the new Secretary of our Treasury, Mr. Glass, has an aversion to celluloid buttons?

HAND GRENADES

SPEAKING OF HIGHWAYS AND LOW ONES

There are times, yea, many times, when you wonder whether or not the engineer who laid out the streets of Lincoln is still at large, and if so, who let him live.

One of the times when you thusly ponder is when the city resembles an American Venice, which is any nice "thaw-y" day. The streets are indeed canals, in fact some of them are raging torrents. You stand on the curbing contemplating as to how you may best effect your transit. You think of Leander, who swam the Hellespont, of Annette Kellerman, of German submarines, of everything endowed with

the power of aqueous locomotion, but still you have not the heart to brave the local Amazon.

As you are about to sink or swim (remember the Alger book by that name?) a car sails (yes sails—what else could it do in water?) around the corner, drenching you with gobs of muddy, chilly water splashed from the wheels. Enough of this scene—on to the next! ! !

Another time when your thoughts are so inclined, is when the weather is no longer "thaw-y", but frigid, and the streets are glacial. Each step you take jeopardizes your earthly career. To walk rapidly is nothing less than flirting with death. You slip, slide, scramble, glide. You fiercely clutch the person with whom you are walking, but often it is of no avail for many a time and oft, you

crash pavement-ward, with a force which makes the earth tremble.

"The way of the transgressor is hard"—why should yours be when the transgressing individual is the engineer, and you merely the victim of circumstances?

DAILY DIARY RHYMES

By Gayle Vincent Grubb

No matter what kind of a game you're in, Regardless what efforts, you'd counted to win.

When it failed, why you gave up your soul to despair, Clean forgettin' the fact that you hadn't played square.

As long as we live, speakin' logic, it looks

That the world to the last end will yet have its crooks;

Who may live lives in underworlds, strung by a hair.

And die there forgotten—they hadn't played square.

Oh, there's ever so much in life's daily grind,

That can make college book knowledge decades behind;

Yet life needs such counsels of Who, What and Where,

To make he that starts out a man, play it square.

Am I right? Scan the past of the life you have led,

Can you see things, if done, would have put you ahead?

The gold brick was luring with luster and glare,

But a sham that you fell for and failed to play square.

Now, no ministers' pulpit is calling to me,

Yet what I have long seen I want you to see;

Look square in the eyes of the world, everywhere,

Shake you fist at the Devil and play the game square.

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